

WORLD OF

Monthly No 7 30p

HORROR

**AN ANTHOLOGY
OF THE MACABRE
FROM FILMS & FICTION**

SPACE 1999

**VILLAGE OF THE
DAMNED**

**Legend of the
Werewolf**

**FLESH FOR
FRANKENSTEIN**

PLUS

**SCREAMING FICTION
& VINCENT PRICE**





Please send all letters to: **MAIL BAG**, c/o WOH, please enclose SAE if you want a reply. Thanks

Dear Gert Shaw

At last an intelligently written fantasy magazine for British readers conceding with a rare boom in serious reviews. You asked for comments and criticisms, so I'm offering them.

Firstly, WOH has improved astronomically since its inception. Issues 1 and 2 were unremarkable and except for the Zorro feature in no. 2, could even be called pedestrian. I'd like to see more photos from Bazzani's much-neglected movie magazine, a bit of John Alston as the deluged friend.

Number three established a more readily identifiable format, the diversity of the articles lending a wider appeal to the magazine. The info seems more concise and interesting, particularly in the Legato and 'Beast Movie' articles.

Issue four was adequate but not sensational. The E.A. Pie article could have been longer, giving more insight into his individual idiosyncrasies and run a colour feature series on the Poe films of Roger Corman. They made genre, especially 'Masque of the Red Death'. The presentation of the issue was stylish, however, and afforded high contentment value.

Issue five was well above average, outgunning previous issues by miles. The Planet of the Apes' with excellent illustrations, though the reviewer was a little harsh on some of the later films of the series. You also were run the first substantial review I've seen of 'The Mutations' - this was one of the mag's high spots, and I couldn't agree more with your praising comments on Tom Baker.

In future I'd like to see coverage on more rare films of recent times, e.g. 'Doom' (watch: 1971's 'Murders in the Rue Morgue' and the Spanish 'Count Dracula'). Another thing I'd like to see WOH try is to devote single issues (strictly) entirely to one

film/series of films, actor and/or director (as did many of the U.S. mags in the '60s). This way WOH would build up into an excellent reference volume, and you'd never run out of material!

To conclude, I wish you every success in the future. Congratulations, Murray C. Steward, Chaddesden Derby.

Dear Murray

Thanks for the comments. We'll keep them in mind.

Dear Sir/Madam (or whatever)

Firstly, I would like to say for the record that I regard horror films as pointless and would normally not have given your mag a second glance, but as you placed the cover of issue 3 with an OGRON from 'Dr Who', a quick glance at the pages featuring the Dr. were all that were needed to subscribe 30p from my pocket, and that was only round one to you money grabbing funds for now! I will be buying all future issues of WOH! Mr S. Short Ashurst Hants

Dear WOH

It is difficult to write about horror with perception and wit, but you do it very well. Quite frankly, I loathe some of your articles so you must be catering to esoteric tastes. signed Omelka, Host of the Last Zentendence in Edinburgh

Thanks to readers N. J. Holden and A. D. Freeman for their letters and for the photos. We would like to hear from the rest of you who have ventured into the cover never land of making. A D Freeman, Shivaldick, Wotts N. J. Holden, Swindon Wilt

EXCITING ADVENTURE FROM THE AUTHOR OF 'TARZAN'

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COLLECTORS GALLERY 5 VINCENT PRICE



VINCENT PRICE

VINCENT Price shares his 27th May birthday with another top horror-fantasy performer, Christopher Lee, although Price admits to arriving "a few years earlier" (1913, in St. Louis, Missouri). His father was president of a large candy firm specialising in jelly babies, and his grandfather was well-known as the inventor of Dr. Price's Baking Powder. The family is descended from the first English child to be born in the colony of Massachusetts. The third of four children, Vincent received his early education at the St. Louis Day School.

At 16, Price inherited 300 dollars from his grandmother, and embarked upon a two-month tour of the capitals of Europe, an experience which was to have some influence on his future, inspiring him with the great interest in art he has maintained to this day.

He returned to America, and commenced the study of art history at Yale. He was a member of that university's famous choir, with which he re-visited Europe, leaving the tour to continue his art research in Munich. Again, he returned to the

United States to complete his degree, before taking off once more for England to take his Masters at the University of London. While at Yale, Price had enjoyed participating in amateur theatricals, and went to the West End to develop his interest in acting. After a walk-on as a policeman at the Gaiety Theatre Club, he won the role of Prince Albert in "Victoria Regina" with his striking resemblance to the original, and his command of German. He was to repeat the role on Broadway, with Helen Hayes as the Queen, in 1935, completing his MA the same year.

He continued to act in America, and married one of his leading ladies, Edith Barrett, in New York, in 1936. (In "WOMAN" he was mistakenly listed that Price's current marriage, to Coral Browne, was his second. It is his third.) Their son, Vincent Barrett Price, is today an anthropologist and University lecturer. In 1938, Price also became a member of Orson Welles' influential Mercury Theatre, in New York, before leaving to make his first film, "Servants of the Lord", a Hollywood comedy starring Constance Bennett. He was then placed under contract with Universal Studios until 1940. He also appeared on Broadway in "Outward Bound", a fantasy about a group of people on a luxury liner, passing from this life to the next. Then, he had a major "break" in Hollywood portraying Sir Walter Raleigh in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex", with Bette Davis and Errol Flynn in the title roles. After another period film, "Tower of London", Price was signed by 20th Century Fox, with whom he would make seven films in the next twelve years, including "The Eve of St. Mark", of which he commented, "I had to stave off the way through it, so I could look heroic", and which remains one of his personal favourites.



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S **overwhelming tale of**
EVIL & TORMENT

CINEMA SCOPE & EASTMAN COLOUR

THE FALL OF THE
House of Usher

CLAT X
HOLLY

"I heard her first feeble
movements in the coffin
...we had put her living
in the tomb!"

VINCENT PRICE
MAKES DAMOEN HEDRA RAGE

Photo of house in 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938. Photo of 1938.

Above: A Hollywood glamour portrait. Left: "House of Usher"



One of the quieter moments of "The Fly"



"The Haunted Palace."

When America entered the Second World War, Price was drafted, then rejected, when it was discovered that he has a form of colour-blindness, an affliction the art export had heretofore been unaware of.

In 1943, he opened the Little Gallery in Los Angeles, and three years later became a founding member of the Modern Institute Of Art.

Price's first "star" billing in a film was, prophetically enough, in an opus called "Shock", playing a petty psychiatrist. In 1946 he received critical praise for his villainous role in the Gothic Romance "Dragonwyck", and, in 1948, he provided the voice of the Invisible Man in the "Abbott & Costello Meet The Ghosts" spoof. He played the Devil in a touring production of Shaw's "Don Juan In Hell", and in 1953 had a success that decided the course of his future film career, essaying the part of the scarred museum proprietor in the 3D film "House Of Wax". This was followed by a less distinguished 3D effort, "The Mad Magician", and extensive stage and TV appearances. During the 60's, Price surprised the public with his knowledge of art on the American TV quiz "The 64 000 Dollar Question", and found himself in demand as a lecturer on the subject, a sideline he has continued to the present. He has had some success with writing as well: "I Like What I Know", a chatty autobiography concentrating on his devotion to art, was a US best-seller in 1969, followed by "The Book Of Joe". In 1961, a sentimental tribute to a dog which had been in the family fourteen years.

Price is known for the humorous touches he usually brings to his melodramatic roles, and has confessed that unlike some of his colleagues, he regards his work in horror films as something of a joke. His co-stars, particularly in such outlandish films as "The Fly", have often found it very difficult to keep a straight face when Price came up a scene. Purists might find this attitude somewhat offensive, but many viewers find Price's tongue-in-cheek approach irresistible.

In 1949 after the dissolution of his first marriage, Price married Mary Grant, a costume designer, and fellow gourmet cooking enthusiast. They collaborated on two cookery books, "A Treasury Of Great Recipes" and "A National Treasury Of Cookery", not to mention a daughter, Mary Victoria, now 13.

He holds several honorary degrees from American universities, is a chairman of the US Interior Dept. Indian Arts

and Crafts Board, and recently published yet another book, "The Vincent Price Treasury Of Great American Art". He sometimes regrets the fact that his name is associated so closely with fantasy films (like Cushing, Lee, and Kierloff) he dislikes the use of the term "horror" to describe his screen efforts but is grateful for the security his macabre roles have given him, providing the money to indulge his passion for collecting paintings and objets d'art. Price was given an opportunity to show his own artistic flair in 1963's "Diary Of A Madman", for which he drew the sketches that are seen as the protagonist prepares to execute a sculpture of the doomed



Above: Throttling Basil Rathbone in "Tales of Terror"

Below: in costume for "Evils Of China-town"



heroine (if on the record, Price's co-star in this film was Nancy Kovack, at that time the latest actress in Hollywood, at as least — how's that for trivia?)

To conclude the "gossip" aspects of this appreciation, Price is 6 feet 4 inches, smokes, weighs 14 stone, and is currently living in Los Angeles, with his actress wife Coral Browne, whom he met while filming "Theatre Of Blood". He reveals that London is his favourite city, has received the "This Is Your Life" treatment in America, an ordeal he managed to survive with some dignity intact, and is reported to have had several psychic experiences, (including the rather peculiar one of "seeing" "Tyronne Power Dies" written in the clouds while on board a plane bound for New York, where he saw the same phrase on the newspaper headlines, upon disembarking).

He takes great pleasure in his work, and has been quoted as saying "They's have to bury me before I quit, and my tombstone will read 'I'd be back'." When asked about the difficulty of leading a normal life in the entertainment world he has said "No-one would go into this business if he were

Above: A publicity shot from "The Raven" with Kieroff and Loria

Left: "The Mad Magician"



Above: "Scream and Scream Again": "Witchfinder General".



Right: with Henry Dwyer in "The Oblong Box".

normal".

Now for a quick look at some of Price's films in the horror genre (or as he might prefer it, "adventure thrillers").

In "Abbott And Costello Meet The Ghosts" Price's appearance was unbilled. His voice is heard in the last scene as the comedians, having survived encounters with the Wolfman, Dracula and the Frankenstein monster, find themselves trapped in a rowboat with The Invisible Man.

House Of Wax (a film Price nearly turned down to appear in a stage play) gave him the opportunity to pull out all the stops in his fiery portrayal of the insane, crippled sculptor Henry Jarrod. The novelty of the 3D gimmick made it a great success, and even seen on TV, the film is fairly entertaining, and the strong cast helps the rather creaky plot.

The Mad Magician had Price as a demented prestidigitator given to eliminating his adversaries through deadly "tricks". Also in the cast were Patrick O'Neal and Eva Gabor.

"The Fly" (1958) is actually a much more literate and worthwhile film than its rather bad reputation would lead one to believe, although Price has confessed that he and Herbert Marshall were so overwhelmed with lechery during the climactic scene where the human-headed fly is discovered in the spider's web, that they were unable to look each other in the eyes during the filming of the sequence.

Later, Price was to make two films for low-budget horror producer William Castle, whose gimmicky films have many admirers. Firstly, he appeared in "House On Haunted Hill" as a millionaire concocting a plot to eliminate his cheating wife during a night in a supposedly haunted mansion. It was a rather tame, but effective thriller, and the moments of intentional humour did not fall as flat as they often do, in "horror" films. More original was "The Tingler", which proposed that intense fear caused a lobster-like creature to materialise on the spinal cord, and, if unchecked by a loud shriek, the mini-monsters' activities could result in the victim's death. As a publicity stunt, many cinemas had this snarl used to precede a mild singing effect, when the creature was on the loose. Absurd as it sounds, it's a most absorbing lode scream, with a couple of genuinely frightening moments.

Now well established as a purveyor of screen chills, Price began his collaboration with producer-director Roger Corman, playing Rotenok in "The Fall Of The House Of Usher". It was a cheap film, but excellent colour photography and careful attention to period detail make it an effective visual experience, and while it often wanders far from Poe's original, it remains one of Corman's best efforts.

"Master Of The World" is a spectacular adaptation of a Jules Verne tale, had Price inventing a 19th-century aircraft, and, in well-intentioned madness, doing a considerable amount of damage to those who stood in his way.

"The Pit And The Pendulum" was Price's next film for Corman, a rather distasteful Poe pastiche, with much madness and mayhem, which gave Price plenty of leeway to leer and lurk, and featured the mesmerising Barbara Steele as well.

An Italian film of Matheson's "I Am Legend" entitled "The Last Man On Earth" cast quite in the role of the last normal survivor of a bizarre plague, and was not a great success, to the disappointment of the novel's many fans.



Corman re-made "Tower Of London" (Price had portrayed the ill-fated Clarence in the Universal version) with Price playing poor Richard III as the attracted monster he has been to the general public, since Shakespeare's time. (While historians would no doubt like to see Richard III get a fair shake for once, "Tower Of London" is another colourful, lumbustious Corman product, and Price is clearly enjoying his villainy).

"Tales Of Terror", scripted by Matheson was a fairly successful adaptation of three Poe short stories, "Morella", "The Black Cat" (The plot was combined with that of "The Cask Of Amontillado") and "The Pict in the Case Of M. Valdemar", the latter was especially noteworthy for Price's praiseworthy performance. The all-star cast also included Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone and Robert Fugate. Corman obtained the services of Price, Larra, Keniff for "The Raven", a rather good send-up of the genre, with the three stars in the fettle.

"Twice Told Tales" brought some of Nathaniel Hawthorne's stories to the screen, and featured Price in three menacing roles.

Corman repeated the horror-comedy formula with even greater success in "The Comedy Of Terrors", this time with Price, Larra, Rathbone, and Joe E. Brown. Sadly, Price is the only survivor of the last eleven in the 1960s, but it remains one of the most delightful of his kind.

"The Hallowed Palace" was a less impressive Corman thriller, taking its title from the Poe poem, but as theme from the works of H. P. Lovecraft, aspects of "The Case Of Charles Dexter Ward" Lovecraft is a very difficult writer to deal with, and to date no film based on his work has been entirely successful. This one is no exception, but it is certainly far from dull, with a thoroughly nasty ending.

Corman decided to film "Masque Of The Red Death" in London, and the result was a quite satisfactory combination of the tale story with Hop-Frog. It is visually perfect (colour photography by the brilliant Nicolas Roeg, who has since turned to directing with "Walkabout" and the fascinating "Don't Look Now") and Price raises his tendency to over-do his villainous Frenches, to give a weird and compelling portrait of the decadent Prospero.

"The Tomb Of Ligeia", also made here, was the last major film of the AIP Poe cycle and has not received much attention, although it is by no means a failure, and Price's portrayal of Verden Fell is definitely one of his kindest maniacs.

"Worlds Of The Deep" although directed by Tourneur, is not helped by its slow script and the presence of such luminaries as Tab Hunter.

In 1968, Price had the opportunity to do some serious acting in "Witchfinder General". Persuaded by director Michael Reeves to tone down the eye-rolling antics that have become his trademark, he gave a very convincing performance as the power-crazed Matthew Hopkins. The historic atmosphere is beautifully reproduced, and Reeves' work with a distinguished cast and an intelligent script (which he co-authored) have made this a psychological thriller one of the modern classics.

"The Oblong Box", very loosely adapted from Poe, starred Price with Christopher Lee for the first time. There are some pretty gruesome scenes, but on the whole, the film falls a bit short of the mark. In "Scream And Scream Again", Lee and Dwyer had tiny guest roles, while Price starred as the doctor obsessed with conjuring a race of cyborgs. Back in 1970, this plot was still fairly fresh and made interesting viewing. "Cry Of The Banshee" was a bit of a disappointment, as it failed to make full use of the rich heritage of Celtic myth that inspired it, but veteran actress Elizabeth Bergner was interesting as the vengeance-minded high priestess, and Hilary Dwyer (who

Left: "Cry Of The Banshee".



SCREAM SCENE



"Or Phibes Kiss Again" As Prospero in "Masque Of The Red Death"

had also appeared in "Witchfinder General" was a heroine with some personality in her prettiness, a refreshing change from the conventional vapid dollies we so often have to endure in horror-fantasy films.

More recently, Price has contributed two performances as the outrageously deranged Dr. Phibes. These creepily "camp" adventures have met with a good deal of adverse criticism, but we craved perversity here in "WDH" found them so amusing, that we've devoted a photo feature to them (see page 64).

1972's "Theatre Of Blood" is arguably Price's best film, with Price supported by a well-inspiring cast, playing an unhinged theater who decides to murder the artists who have denied recognition to his talents. Assisted by his daughter (Diana Rigg) he subjects his victims to sundry gory Shakespearean deaths.

"Medusa", Price's latest film, is a let-down after "Theatre Of Blood". It is quite a conventional murder mystery, but does serve to unite Price with Peter Cushing (in a change-of-pose role) and any film with these two pros can't be completely dull. That brings us just about up to the present, and here we must end this look at Vincent Price's life and career, we hope that Mr. Price will be delighting us with his unique interpretations of "horror" anti-heroes for many years more.

Films which are of particular interest to horror-fantasy buffs are marked by an asterisk. We have included a few costume thrillers like "Tower Of London" and "Dragowyrk" in this category. We thought this bibliography would be of particular interest, as the many titles give some indication of the versatility of Price's acting skill. Although we thrive on thrills and chills, we think it is a pity that performers like Price, Cushing and Lee are often known to fans only for fantasy films that often restrict them, somewhat with the conventional stock characters they are required to portray and the unimpaired dialogue (or lack of it) they are given.

VINCENT PRICE FILMOGRAPHY

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|------|-----------------------------------|------|-------------------------|
| 1935 | "Service With the Gun" | 1950 | "Thunder" |
| 1938 | "The Private Life of Elizabeth I" | 1950 | "Kismet" |
| 1939 | "The Private Life of Elizabeth I" | 1951 | "The Sign of the Cross" |
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| 2025 | "The Private Life of Elizabeth I" | 1951 | "The Sign of the Cross" |

Fun Club Corner: We popped into the Kensington Hotel for a living visit to the Christobar Lee International Club's annual meeting, and met a lot of nice people having a nice time. Regards to Blake, Linda, Dorene etc. etc. — We have heard from several clubs which might be of interest to "WDH" readers all of which seem to be well organized and to offer good value for money. If you wish to them, don't forget the S.A.C.

Joe Parsons Film Club
seems to be in a very good way
of making a good thing of it.
The Cinema Club
seems to be in a very good way
of making a good thing of it.
The Cinema Club
seems to be in a very good way
of making a good thing of it.

The Home Film
Club seems to be in a very good way
of making a good thing of it.
The Home Film
Club seems to be in a very good way
of making a good thing of it.

STOP PRESS: The last "WDH" journal is

As a follow up to our great follow-up to the "Skull-Symbols of the Summer" article in issue 6, these two rather macabre postage stamps have been brought to our attention. The U.N. Drug abuse stamp is certainly a sinister message carrier.



In February we had the opportunity of attending the Greenwell Theatre's production of "The Picture of Dorian Gray". John Gielgud's adaptation puts the emphasis on Wilde's wit, rather than the grotesque elements of the tale. The fatal portrait itself was never seen by its admirer, but in a scene of the central hallway there were a few ghastly scenes. The pace was leisurely, the performances of all concerned polished and convincing. The cast was headed by John Gielgud as Basil Hallward, Arthur Rogers as Lord Henry and Michael Kitchen as Dorian. With horror film veteran Nigel Dwyer as the unfortunate Sybil Vane and Bernard Cribbins as the companioned faithfully by the costumes and lighting, were most attractive. While this production was certainly not equipped with horror fantasy buffs in mind it was a surprisingly effective reveal of the old verbiage and an enthralling thought provoking evening. Wilde's decadent Victorian seemed quite contemporary and as Osborne has pointed out our obsession with maintaining the illusion of youth and beauty, often at the neglect of our spiritual development, has never been greater than it is at the moment.

The Home Film
Club seems to be in a very good way
of making a good thing of it.
The Home Film
Club seems to be in a very good way
of making a good thing of it.



HORROR ENTERS THE SNACK BAR: I can only thank Linda and the same "Hattie Hips" have been launched by "Snacks", the London based group. Called "Fangs & Bones" they are polite and cute, shaped outcasts, with a potent crush when eaten. From all reports they are very extremely well.

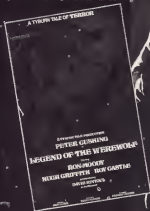
LEGEND OF THE WEREWOLF

Synopsis

CENTRAL Europe — the mid-19th century. Thousands of people are being driven from their homes simply because their customs and beliefs do not accord with those of the state.

A column of half-hungry refugees is wandering its way across country when it is savaged by wolves. All are killed save a newborn baby which is carried off by the pack. Ironically, the wolves suckle the child and bring it up as one of their own.

The baby, a boy, (Mark Weaving) grows into an astonishing mixture of man and wolf. One day, while hunting rabbits in the forest, he is shot and captured by Maestro Pampor (Hugh Griffith). With his wife Christina (Rumer Hardwick), Pampor runs a somnif travel agency and he "grooms his next village audience with the



astounding news that his new star attraction is Etoile, the wildest offspring of a Cossack soldier and a wolf.

For a few years, Etoile is a great attraction, and the show prospered, but he grows up into a voracious, heady young man, and his value to Pampor's show is lost. Utterly, one night under a full moon, Pampor's caravan is surrounded by wolves. Etoile (David Rintoul) is overcome by a force he cannot control, and, reacting to his wolf instincts, savagely attacks Pampor's assistant, Taty (Norman Mitchell). Then the terrified Etoile runs away.

Later, he finds himself in Paris where a small zoo provides an obvious attraction. The Keeper (Ron Moody) is quick to offer Etoile's astonishing raptures with the animals, especially the wolves, and offers him a job as his assistant. Etoile happily accepts.

Regular machine visitors to the zoo are three pretty girls from a nearby bordello and with one of them, Christine (Lynn Dwyer), Etoile forms a close friendship. He thinks that she is a normal girl and she is not about to disappoint him.

One evening he calls to take her out and cannot understand why he is turned away by the Madame (Marjorie Yates). Hearing Christine's laughter he climbs a tree overlooking her room and is horrified to see her "entertaining" a local dignitary (Patrick Hanks). Ashamed with anger, he crashes into the room and attacks the man. The Madame threatens to report him to the police but the dignitary, frightened of the publicity, begs that the whole affair should be forgotten.

Christine explains to Etoile that her upbringing, as an orphan, led her to her life in the bordello. He offers to marry her and though she is touched by this, she refuses.

The next night, a full moon, the Dignitary is senselessly murdered after

visiting Christine once again. At the morgue, a Police pathologist, Professor Paul Catalano (Peter Cushing), and Inspector Max Gurney (Stefan Gryll) are baffled by the murder. And when more bodies start bearing similar injuries, they are so near the streets, Paul has a hunch that some kind of animal is responsible and he turns the zoo in search of clues.

The keeper shows him the wolves, pointing out that they are old and virtually toothless. He also tells him of the bordello and Paul calls on the Madame, pointing that all the victims were well-to-do men found dead in the park area. Madame is not at all forthcoming, however, so Paul calls on a photographer (Roy Castle) and summons him to the morgue, where the victims are photographed. Back at the bordello, Madame looks at the pictures but denies all knowledge of them. Paul then shows them to Christine, who recognizes them as her customers but refuses to say so.

The Professor of Police (John Harvey) is convinced that a wolf is responsible and orders all the wolves in Paris zoos to be destroyed. The keeper gives the fatal task to Etoile. Afterwards, shattered by what he has had to do, he goes to his room where Christine finds him and tries to comfort him. But it is a full moon again, and once more Etoile is overcome by a terrible force. Christine runs for help but by the time she returns Etoile has been transformed and has slipped away into the night. Once again Paris is the scene of a number of horrifying murders.

One victim reveals a few details about his attacker having dying and Paul, mindful of the full moon, now has a good idea of what he is after. He learns more about Etoile from Christine and, on a final, state-by search for the wolf-man in the Paris streets, first loading his pistol with a silver bullet.





MAN'S BEST FRIEND

"What's wrong, Chincho?" Lady Elvira Blake asked the Pekinese as she cradled the beast to her voluminous breasts. The dog's prominent eyes sparkled strangely, made her fear for no logical reason. "Come, I told you, I've just today made my will — you'll be well cared for when I die..." And the loose folds of flesh about her jowls and throat wobbled like some aging bloodhound's. "So, cheer —"

by Playten Syder

Her words were literally choked-off as the dog's small sharp teeth sank into her old flesh. Unintelligibly, she squealed, tried warding the animal off but the snarling Pekinese just clamped its jaws tighter onto her throat, the skin tearing. Within seconds, both Chincho and his mistress were covered in the spasm of blood from severed veins.

Wordlessly, Lady Elvira fell screaming to the Persian carpet incapable of defending herself any longer, petrified with fear. The winged chair toppled with her, its combined weight was too great, crushing the dog beneath. Chincho let out one almighty yelp, his neck cracked resoundingly, and then he was still, jaws gripping his mistress's flesh even in death.

"Come in, Brian, sit down, sit down," said Jack Deliry, Brian Pointer's editor. Gathering up the various unsolicited manuscripts and back issues from the other reporters, the journalist piled them on the breadboard, copied by the waste-basket and sat down. "You've got a nasty assignment again," Pointer declared.

Spinning over hornrimmed glasses, Deliry looked chary. "What makes you say that?"

"You don't offer me a seat — unless the job's so bad I need to hear it sitting down, that's why," he grinned.

Deliry shrugged. "You may be right, I don't know on this one. But I do know my nose seldom lets me down, and I think we're onto something rather weird."

"Do I need to take notes?" Pointer asked, fishing in his tatty suit for his dog-eared pad.

No, my nose's too busy out even for that — yes.

"Go on, then, Jack. I'm intrigued. Appata whistled.

As an ex Fleet Street man yourself, I take it you're well aware of trends in newspapers?"

Naturally. There always seems to

be a spate of similar incidents, accidents etc. Fires, for example. You can have one massive fire, bad safety precautions, a lot of deaths. No sooner have the embers died than the next one is reported. Other what front-page terror-banners, with pictures. It doesn't mean there's been a sudden upsurge of fires — they've just latched onto topical news. It happens all the time.

Deliry nodded. That's true enough — though a trifle cynical, I think. "You forget Jack, that's why I'm not working in Fleet Street now — my cynicism didn't appeal. It makes me sick sometimes, too."

Clasping his pudgy hands round a number of newspaper cuttings, Deliry's penetrating, water-blue eyes held his. Brian, being in mind what we've just said, I don't think these incidents come under that heading. He handed Pointer the clippings.

Each was a report, some featuring alarming, amazing pictures concerning vicious attacks by dogs. "Mad starving guard-dogs!" He eyed Deliry sceptically. "What a nasty bout that — apart from their knippers reading some of their own treatment?"

"You sympathize with the dogs then?"

"You forget, I'm biased — I've had Rick my Alsatian for four years — and he's as gentle as a nurse with both Judy and Michael."

"Oh, of course — a lovely brute — how on earth did you train him?"

"With time, patience — and kindness. Judy'd get peevish at times, Pointer laughed.

"How old's Michael now?"

"Four."

"Well, Brian, bias or not, bear with me on this. Look at the dates of the reports. The variety. Of course, we've had postmen attacked before. But not on this scale. To my knowledge, there has never been an incidence of so many vicious dogs attacking people in

such a short space of time. And look at the distance apart they are: Luton, Manchester, Portsmouth, Glasgow, Cardiff. Even zoodle spaniels and Pekinese have turned on their owners!"

"Yes, it is quite a hefty coincidence. I'll grant you that —"

"You don't seem very impressed, Brian."

He shrugged noncommittally. It's unusual. Maybe Jack Deliry was going a bit crackpot, judging by this latest hairbrained idea. But Pointer still had faith in him — he'd been a damned good editor who had increased his paper's circulation when others were dithering or folding. If he hadn't been so stupid as to dally with that press lord a wife and subsequently get thrown out on his ear, he'd be a rich man and retired by now, instead he was in this backwater town, moping over some outlandish theory of ferocious dogs with Hitchcockian terror-rancess. "Yes, I think it's worth looking into, Jack."

"I was hoping you'd say that."

"I'll get onto it right away." He closed the door, the hornrimmed glasses pane retired. Pointer paused thoughtfully. The poor blighter. Still why not get a story on the front page for a change? He'd been so wound up with the seamy side of things, producing centipede exposes, once he hadn't had a front-page headliner in over three months.

I'm slipping, he thought, stuffing the cuttings into his jacket pocket.

What are all those cuttings for, Brian? Judy asked after their meal. Michael was getting ready for bed, saying goodnight to all his toy soldiers. Rick cooped an ear at the tone of Judy's voice but didn't move, just lay with muzzle flat on the rug, wolf-like features relaxed.

Been through your pockets again, love? Pointer yawned.

Continued on page 41



Paul Toombes (VINCENT PRICE), veteran Hollywood horror film star, is making a comeback in a TV series in London, based on the old "Dr. Death" movies which first made him world famous.

The trouble with Paul is his past. Back in the early fifties, a beautiful young actress, Ellen (JULIE CROSTHWATE), to whom he was engaged to be married, was found murdered in strange circumstances. Although acquitted after standing trial for the killing, Paul's career was shattered, and the complete breakdown he suffered left him an unbalanced wreck.

Now, after twenty years in the cold, his old Hollywood actor-friend, Herbert (PETER CUSHING), welcomes him back to the role.

Paul's feelings of insecurity are renewed when the murdered body of Elizabeth Peters (LINDA HAYDEN), an attractive but bratty young actress with whom he'd had an affair on the voyage to England, is found floating in a cowboat on the River Thames.

Pressure now builds up on Paul with a routine visit from the police who now know of his association with the dead girl. And then his professionalism is assailed by the unprofessional behavior of his associates on the TV series, by his incompetent, trouble-making co-star, Carol (JENNY LEE WRIGHT), and by the producer, Oliver Quayle (ROBERT QUARRY), whom Paul had once known—and disliked—as a maker of cheap Hollywood quackie pictures.

At a party to inaugurate the TV series, Paul nerves himself to go through with the project mainly because he has found a good friend and supporter in Julia (NATASHA PYNE), the studio publicity girl working on the show. But the



party becomes a nightmare for Paul when Carol is found brutally murdered.

He is astonished again when a heavy canopy over a bed on which he is about to enact a scene crashes down on Blount (BARRY DENNEN), the director of the TV series, apparently killing him.

Strong suspicion is cast on Paul when Mr. and Mrs. Peters (ELLIS DALE and CATHERINE WILLMER), foster parents of the murdered Elizabeth who had attempted to blackmail the actor are found murdered.

Julia, the publicity girl, discovers the first piece of concrete evidence, but never gets the chance to reveal it. Her murdered body is found by Paul in his dressing room at the TV studios.

Shattered by the crime, Paul begins to wonder if he is in the grip of impulses totally beyond his control. Poking up the dead Julia in his arms, he staggers like a man marred, to the sound stage where he has been filming, and there, after placing the girl's body in a chair, he deliberately sets the whole place ablaze as the cameras turn. Paul, however, escapes the flames.

Thinking Paul dead, Herbert Flay now wins the leading role in the series from Oliver Quayle. He goes down to the set and turns on the videotape which contains the scene of the fire. Just as the screen flares with flames, he is grabbed by Paul who had not been burned by the flames after all. Herbert admits having perpetrated the murders to drive Paul mad before Paul kills him.

Paul goes to his makeup kit and soon he bears the face of Herbert and is prepared to fill out Herbert's new starring contract.



CAST

| | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Paul | VINCENT PRICE |
| Herbert | PETER CUSHING |
| Quayle | ROBERT QUARRY |
| Faye | ADRIENNE CORRI |
| Julia | NATASHA PYNE |
| TV Interviewer | MICHAEL PARKINSON |
| Elizabeth | LINDA HAYDEN |
| Blount | BARRY DENNEN |
| Alfred | ELLIS DALE |
| Louise | CATHERINE WILLMER |
| Harger | JOHN GARRIE |
| Bradshaw | IAN THOMPSON |
| Carol | JENNY LEE WRIGHT |
| Ellen | JULIE CROSTHWATE |
| Psychiatrist | PETER HALLIDAY |



by david riley



25



HIS SOLD his soul for rock and roll!" tells the story of "Junkies of the Paradise" in a nutshell. In the form of a horror-rock musical comedy, writer-director Brian De Palma traces the tale of mask and mad-martained rock composer "Window Lench" (William Fichtel) and his fabled encounter with evil record tycoon "Swan" (Paul Williams) who long ago has sold his soul to the devil.

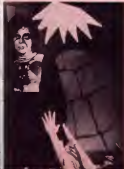
The story begins when Swan's right-hand man "Phisher" (George Memmola) promises to take Window's one rock candidate to Swan. True to his entrepreneurial ways, Swan steals Window's curtain with the intention of using it as the opening event for his new Paradise Theatre. When the naive Window attempts to invade Swan's opulent mansion, the composer discovers that auditions for his piece are taking place. One of the singers is "Phoenix" (Geena Harpel) whose stunning voice irritates Window. Phisher quickly has Window thrown out of the mansion. Trying to outmaneuver and fool police officers, Window finds that he has had drugs planted on him. He is beaten and sent to prison where he plots his revenge against Swan. After a scary escape from the prison laundry, Window breaks into Swan's recording plant. There his head gets caught in a record pressing machine and horribly



crushed. To compound his bad luck, he is shot by a security guard and winds up jumping into the river and is assumed to be dead.

Window, however, makes his way to the Paradise where he becomes the "Phantom" by hiding his mangled face under an eerie bird-like mask. From a vantage point high in the caves of the theatre, he watches Swan audition singers and is enraged by the way that Swan has bastardized his work of art. Finally, the Phantom agrees to co-operate with Swan and rewrite the cantata for the theatre's opening if Swan will cast Phoenix in the leading role. Swan pretends to agree, but secretly decides to cast "Beef" (Gerrit Graham), a gay glitter rock singer, as the star.

Swan looks the Phantom in a studio to rewrite and tries to send him in there forever after the job is done. But the Phantom escapes, discovers the truth about the leading role and so turns the debut of Beef into a real horror show that concludes with Beef's onstage electrocution in front of the audience who call for more such thrills. Swan then agrees to the Phantom's demands about Phoenix, but then Swan persuades her to marry him. The film climaxes in their wedding onstage which the Phantom turns into a gruesome blood bath.





In 1969 when he first saw the merging of the rock and horror genres in the person of the Rolling Stones and Alice Cooper, writer-director Brian De Palma immediately wanted to make "Phantom of the Paradise." To his mind the film industry was missing a good bit by restricting its exploration of the rock world to filmed concerts. Interested in his concept of blending rock and horror into a musical sound, however, was not forthcoming.

De Palma then tried to interest record companies in his project and met an executive at A & M Records involved in finding film scoring projects for the label's artists. As Jack would have it, singer-songwriter Paul Williams was just leaving an office as De Palma was entering. "At that point," recalls De Palma, "I didn't know much about Paul's music, but he looked so right for my music." As it turned out, Williams also possessed the technical expertise to do the sophisticated parodies of various rock styles that De Palma's script required.

The production of "Phantom of the Paradise" was finally arranged by Producers Williams, Entrekin, and Edward R. Pressman served for the second time as producer of a Brian De Palma film. Their first joint project was the critically acclaimed "Blood Sisters."

Working within the musical comedy form, De Palma wanted "Phantom of the Paradise" to break away from the old-style where characters hard into song at the drop of a hat. De Palma solved the problem by coming up with the innovation of using the big musical numbers as performances which are cruxes in the film's dramatic structure. As a result, the music moves the film

forward instead of bringing it to a standstill.

Costing the Jive Jams, the group who perform for record mogul Swan's (Paul Williams) record label posed another problem for De Palma. The group had to be able to work in a variety of styles from 50's rock and swing sounds up to the 70's guitar rock. Originally De Palma wanted to use an already existing group, but when that didn't work out, Paul Williams convinced him that he could create a group capable of doing rock, vaudeville, Williams put together Jeffrey Connor, Archie Hahn and Harold Oblong, all of whom had experience in improvisational comedy as well as music. They worked out so well that De Palma just left them to their own devices and filmed the hilarious results.

"Phantom of the Paradise" was shot in ten weeks in Los Angeles, New York and Dallas. After making an extensive search for a proper theatre to use as the "Paradise," he hunted "Paradise." De Palma and Pressman settled on the recently closed Majestic Theatre in Dallas which looked like an old opera house but was not in total disrepair. They shot for five days with "real" people in the audience and during 12-14 hour working days. Paul Williams and Gerrit Graham ("Beet") entertained the crowd to keep them happy. During his own big production number, Graham was working with a temperature of 105 thanks to the flu, but he still succeeded in doing a perfect set-up of piano rock.

Larry Peier, the director of photography, has credits that include "Judda" and "Morgan." Camera operator Ronald Tinker who had worked with Stanley

Kubrick on "A Clockwork Orange" became the director of photography on the film version of the Who's rock opera "Tommy" after finishing "Phantom of the Paradise." De Palma explains that he wanted to use an English cinematographer "because they light very high key whereas Americans use more diffused soft lighting. I wanted to have a Gothic expressionistic feel to this film."

"Phantom of the Paradise" is being released by 20th Century-Fox and a soundtrack album will be released by A & M Records.



FUTURE ISSUES- WORLD OF HORROR



"SPACE 1999" Part 2

KARLOFF — "ISLE OF THE DEAD"
"BLOOD FOR DRACULA"
"NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES"
BLOODCURDLING FICTION

MACUMBA:

The Cult of the Dead



BRAZIL is a 95% Catholic country, but still more than 90% of all Brazilians are more or less directly involved in Macumba rites. For some of them it is a simple matter of offering candles to one of the Macumba deities from time to time. However, all Brazilians have respect for the Macumba, more than respect, in fact, they are afraid.

For the foreigner who arrives in Brazil, his first contact with the Macumba will be, perhaps, a visit to a special shop which sells incense to drive bad spirits out, incense to attract good spirits, candles of all kinds, peels, hoodlums (jeesh, having a special meaning) and statues of the Catholic Saints. This rather odd mixture of weirds can be explained by the fact that Macumba is a mixture of African and Catholic rites which bears a resemblance to "Voodoo".

Macumba is, in fact, just one of the many cults on the same or similar theme. There is, for example, the Umbanda cult which is less violent in that no blood sacrifices do not take place in public, or the Kimbenda cult which relies on the help of the bad spirits and Satan in particular. The origins of all, however, are the same.

The cult was introduced to Brazil from Nigeria and other African states by the African slaves who were brought over by the Portuguese during their colonising period. Catholics themselves, they assimilated the African rites into those of their own religion.

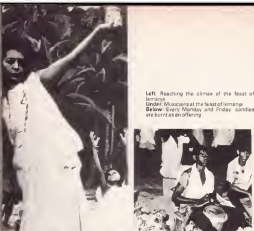
Thus the cult of the Macumba was created (also known as "Candomblé" in the region of Bahia). The rites call upon the souls of the dead, of Saints and devils alike, most of which corresponds to the Catholic hierarchy. Only the names have been changed, but even



these retain their symbolic representation. For example, Glorim is God, Oxala is Jesus, Xango is Saint George, and Iemanjá is Saint Mary (occasionally known as Barbara). The Catholic calendar of feasts is also used by the Macumberos (adepts) and the Saints are celebrated the same way. Nevertheless, sometimes these feasts take on a special significance. To Saint Cosme's and Saint Damián's feast they have added a third person in the shape of Saint Barnabas, whose feast is dedicated to the children of Brazil. Sweets are distributed in the streets and on the beaches, because Cosme and Damián were doctors of the poor who extended children free of charge.

In the churches, spirit centres or "candomblés" where the cult meets





Left: Reaching the climax of the feast of lamnag
Under Muscians at the feast of lamnag
Below: Every Monday and Friday, candies are hot of as an offering



once or twice a week, the faithful sit on chairs as in usual churches. However, the ceremonies last for about four hours and are often known to last throughout the night. Sometimes they take place outdoors as is the case with Baptisms or the feast of *Iemanjá*, but more of that later.

During the ceremonies, smoking and the drinking of alcohol is encouraged for it is believed that in seeking purification these allow the oncas to incarnate in the bodies of the faithful. After initiation this is the permanent

Piscean will become Lemany's son as that onix relates to that sign. If a follower does not want to accept a Saint in him, at his initiation, he may refuse to accept the presence so that his body stays free for another Saint to condescend to enter him later on.

To anyone who is not initiated into the cult, the ceremonies are impossible to understand. The meanings of the songs, the tam-tam that accompanies them, the gestures and the group hysteria can have no significance, and although the lengths to which it is carried can lead to doubts through them being so spectacular, there is no doubt of the sincerity of the adepts. Their faith in the rites reaches the depths of superstition which is generally true of all Brazilians.

On Friday, for example, the adepts give presents to Eke who will serve as a messenger to give human petitions to the divinities. Eke is supposed to live in the middle of the street, where he receives every cross-shaped place in every Brazilian city, candies, cigarettes, bottles and black cocks (recently slaughtered) can be seen in the middle of the street, which motorists are wary of touching. In the afternoon, the adepts touch these gifts, only the cleaners who have the right to remove the presents in the early hours of the morning. Surprisingly, the cult no longer is restricted to the blacks, but has become more and more of the whites are joining in with the rituals. And it is ironic that those who were once the masters of the slaves are now the adepts of the religion of their own slaves.

Quite often it is very difficult for a foreigner to be present at one of these ceremonies, except for one which, since 1945, has become public. This is the feast of Iemanjá which takes place on the beaches, for Iemanjá is Queen of the Sea and symbol of fecundity. It takes place on December 31st and ends with the dawn of the new year. It is so important now in Brazil that it is second only to Rio's own yearly festival.

Queen Iemarye is worshipped under several names, Sannala and Dandulana for example, although her most popular one is Iemarye. Anyone who wants her favour must avoid sexual relations on December 31 at midnight, when the Queen requires a present. Her sons and daughters dress in white and wash in a bath of white roses in preparation for a ceremony that begins at ten o'clock at night. All night long they will gather on the beaches and invoke the goddess with their songs and cries, encouraged by drink and cigarettes until the heat of midnight when they will all rise and their first bows plead their right hands in

The water and crossed themselves to ask permission of the people of the sea to enter their territory. Then, after the third wave they place their presents on the water, of flowers, rice, perfume and Brazilian champagne, all of which have been put into small boats if the goddess receives the presents kindly. Then the following year will be full of promise for the adept, if she does not, the adept returns to the beach but is careful not to show his face to the waves. The ceremony ends with singing till the dawn, by which time the adepts are purified and happy, as well as drunk with fatigue and alcohol.

Considering the folklore and the spectacular nature of the rites, one may wonder what is the real value of these cults. On the one hand one cannot deny the continuing importance to the Brazilian people, nor their influence, for the Macumba, like the Catholic religion,

news as it imprints on the daily newspapers, television and radio, and on the other hand, it must be noted that many world popular songs which many excellent sambas were originally Macumba caricles in country of the black slaves. (Indeed, today they are a year old and others die of starvation, the role of the religion as a moral and tangible support is considerable, for many find it easier to believe in divinities who will provide tomorrow rather than wait for the day after tomorrow. The religion, however, was the only hope of the slaves, now it is the over-riding hope of the majority of the population which, no more, finds itself deceived by its fellow man. To them, Exu and Xango are real beings because they incarnate the trust that the slaves had in their masters. So on Monday evenings one can see the adepts asking the "Santo

son's how to pay for a bag of flour or how to heal a child's wound for as the Saints are incarnate, the answers are provided by the man in whom a particular Saint is lodged, a fellow human-being who tries to relieve the other's misery.

The real practical value of the religion is brought out in the words of the Chief of Maccabee, who admitted that 'Of course everything is not true, and sometimes we make use of artifice to impress the people. This in itself is not so important. What is is the fact that the people retain their faith strongly for the near future, which provides them with the strength to go on, and carry on living in a world which is often too hard for the majority. Is this really so different from any religion in Europe? Perhaps in the form, but not in the substance.'

WORLD OF
HORROR
Frights of London

BOOK CORNER

FRANKENSTEIN THE
TRUE STORY

Stage Make-up

Telespy by Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy
from Mary W. Shelley's novel
Avon paperback 70p (Available
from the Cinema Bookshop 13
14 Great Russell Street W1)

All four titles seem to be about fair people in the UK who
have seen Frankenstein The
True Story which is lamentable
as it was a particularly beautiful
film visually featured major
errors in the smallest roles

[illegible]

GHOSTS OF LONDON
By Jack Mallam (Wofe £4.50)

London and the surrounding countryside is often considered the most haunted area in the world and this carefully researched volume certainly lends support to that hackneyed observation.

[illegible]

PRACTICAL STAGE MAKE-UP Philippe Perrottet, Studio Vista £3.75

We get many letters from readers who are interested in having make-ups and wish to study the subject in depth to perfect their technique. While cosmetic make-up is a different world, *Perfected Absorption* is a terrific advantage to the reader. Available at a low price, it tends to make the most make-ups for theatrical use, and provides a good foundation for anyone curious about the subject. It is also a handy book even for experienced actors and make-up artists, as the author assigns the reader a list of 100 conventional make-up ideas for 100 days of insightful recommendations. Techniques that have a more convincing effect and are often easier to achieve in the bargain. For theatre buffs with immense interest in making their own make-up, *Perfected Absorption* as the author has a very intelligent style and makes some thought

providing observations on how these three elements are reflected in the costumes and expression of the face. There is a very handsome section of photos of well-known performers including Edith Evans, Redgrave and Olivier transformed by various make-ups, and the diagrams accompanying the text are very helpful. The book is so easy for even a beginner to go too far wrong. The chapters on stylized and fantastic character make use will be of particular interest to aspiring Characters, but as Perrotti remarks, "we must have a smidgen of the better than real." So, if you're serious, you start including those fantasies as the final product is to have the desired

Mr Penzance who writes from many years of theatrical experience as Director and make up artist is to be congratulated for this entertaining and useful book which we recommend to anyone with a strong interest in things theatrical. Instruction of this quality on cinema and TV make-up would be most welcome. The only writing on the subject we've seen to date is rather dry stuff!



Comments

Flesh Gordon is billed as "the spine age sex spoof that's out of this world," and after dubiously forcing myself to view it, I wholeheartedly agree. Under normal circumstances, we wouldn't have taken a second look at this risqué escapade, however the apocalyptic effects are excellent and well worth seeing for all fantasy buffs. The monsters (punisauri, raping robots and are very entertaining and if you can keep your eyes on them [there are literally dozens of naked and scantily clad bodies to act as distractions] I'm sure you'll get your money's worth.

Synopsis

Planet Earth, mid 1930s. The world's top scientists, led by Professor Gordon, meet in Washington to discuss the canal choice breaking out everywhere as the result of a mysterious sex ray from outer space. Totally baffled, they decide to invent the means of the professor's interdimensional beam.

But the first test in which Flash is travelling is a self-stroke by the sex ray with plots and passengers plunged into an uncontrollable reborn erge. Flash always resourceful manages to parachute to safety with his beautiful travelling companion, Dale Andor, clutching his life.



AN AMERICAN IMAGE OF PURITY AND INNOCENCE LOSES ITS CHERRY



They land in a wooded area to be confronted by a gun-toting figure who Flash recognizes as Dr. Felix Jarkoff, a secretive scientist who explains that he has located the source of the sex ray to the planet Mongo. Moreover he has built a spaceship capable of reaching Mongo and invites Flash and Dale to join him in a mission to save humanity. About the public golden space ship the threesome blast off to Mongo's planet.

Nearing Mongo, they are forced down by a dragon like spacecraft and pursued through caverns by the enemy crew. Despite surviving an attack by giant Pinkauri creatures, they are captured and escorted to the lair's throne room of the evil vindictive Emperor Wang.

Wang decrees that Jarkoff must work in the laboratory. Dale is to become Wang's bride and Flash is to be taken to the sea depolar to have his essence removed.

But Amora, Queen of Magic, appears in a puff of smoke and darts Flash as her own. Wang agrees provided Flash can survive trial by sexual ordeal and is widely disappointed when Flash does just that. Amora sorts Flash away before Wang's guards can have him depleted and in her own like space ship she seduces the willing Flash, humiliated by her beauty and forgetting all about Dale.

As they cruise through the constellations, they are unaware that the wicked Wang is going back on his word and has ordered Amora's ship to be destroyed. Only Flash survives the crash. He meets up with Jarkoff who has escaped from the laboratory, just as the spirit of Amora appears, delirious into his hands her special nipple covers—the sacred Power Pasties, the only force that can stop the sex ray!

They race to the palace just in time to stop the wedding of Wang and Dale. But Dale goes missing, taken into the west Amazon under guard of Mongo's greatest queen by the voluptuous, pig-legged Chief Niche. Dale is tied to a table and told that she is to be ravished into the bedroom. Ingenious force.

Continued on next

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man will get you if
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Dale's screams penetrate the Pomo rocks, temporarily entertaining
men and Jerkoff. Armed with the Power Pistols they blast their way
through to rescue our still unidentified heroine. Their efforts are aided
by a sex sociopath who introduces himself as Prince Precious
rightful heir to the throne of Pomo.

Precious and his gay followers had been exiled to the Rotten
Kingdom by the wicked Wang. They give sanctuary to the Earth
people when Jerkoff perfects a Desirato Beam with the aid of Queen
Amere's posies.

Setting out in a laybird spacecraft to destroy the Sex Ray machine
they are unaware that there is a traitor on board Wang's spy steals
one of the Pistols and escapes by parachute, and the ship is drawn
incurably into the geyser mater jaws snarled on Wang's perversed
palace.

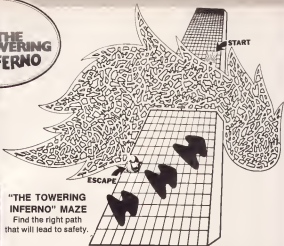
Our fearless foursome also decide to escape by parachute, sword-
fighting their way through the palace in pursuit of the missing party.
Unfortunately they make a wrong turn and become trapped in a
gigantic lavatory bowl. Swimming strongly through the swirling
waters they find the way to the Gates and safety.

Meanwhile Wang is celebrating the death of the Earth people and
prep his newly accused Power Party into a nearby nymph. Buried
on the scene. Flash and the others manage to shake the party free
slow the effects of Wang's dreaded robot which are burning on
them, and run towards the palace tower to destroy the Sex Ray
machine.

In desperation Wang calls on the monster Idol of All Perceptions, a
walking, talking monster to end all monsters. The monster's help is
asked when Dale tries enabling him to capture her. He climbs to
the top of the Sex Ray tower, peeling back Dale's dress to gaze on her
shapely loquins. Flash machine has commandeered one of
Wang's ships and is desperately firing rockets at the monster's hand-
quarters. Using a rope ladder, Flash descends from the hovering ship
and rescues Dale. As they make their escape, the monster tops over
the edge of the tower, falling on Wang and the Sex Ray machine
below. From the space ship Flash and the others watch as Wang's
perverted jubilee is destroyed by a series of massive explosions.
Prince Precious escorts our heroes back to Jerkoff's golden phallus
and awards a hearty goodbye as they take off for good old planet
Earth, where they and their fellow earth creatures will once more be
able to enjoy sexual relations in the good old-fashioned way without
any help from Wang's Sex Ray.



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DAVID HARDY SPACE ARTIST

Born in 1936 in Bournville, Birmingham, David Hardy has, since his schooldays, combined an interest in both Art and Science. This led him to take his first job in a laboratory while working part-time for a R.Sc., then illustrating his first book for Patrick Moore, in 1954 — five days before joining the R.A.F., for National Service.



Top Right: Space Beam.
Above: Moonbase 1.
Above Right: Skull City.



Left: Ring of Fire

Five years later — around 1950 — David had begun pursuing his ideas of the planets as landscapes, not as mere discs of light in a telescope. At their first meeting in 1964, he and Moore decided to do a book on the CHALLENGE OF THE STARS, which would show how space travel could be achieved and the planets visited. Much of his spare time in the R.A.F. was spent painting spider-like rockets and deliriously 'strange' which now prove to bear a striking (and futuristic) resemblance to today's lunar modules and NASA designs for the 'Skunk'. The book was not published at that time, but Hardy continued his spare-time illustrations of astronomical and scientific subjects after dark — working during the day in a large design office near his home.

During this period he worked on many books, from technical line drawings to imaginative subjects. He produced a series of large exhibition paintings for the British Interplanetary Society (which he had joined in

1952), drawings for television programmes such as THE SKY AT NIGHT, worked on films for the Mermaid Theatre and the London Palladium, revised scripts, book jackets, a serial series for a children's 'comic' in short, anything which would help to project to the public an accurate picture of space and space travel, from the time when many dreamed even the idea of an artificial satellite as 'pure fantasy' to the day when men stepped on to the Moon and his early work was vindicated.

The breakthrough in his own career, however, came in 1965. With generous aid from publishers and other commissions — well done in evenings and weekends — building up until he was no stranger to an ink-bone day, the time had come to make a break, and a 'phone

Continued overleaf

SPACE ARTIST

and from M.C.M. asking if he could work on a new film to be called 2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY provided the extra stimulus (although for various reasons he never actually worked on the film). In October 1965 he threw up his steady studio job to go freelance — a decision he has never regretted.

In 1968 he held his first one-man exhibition, at the London Planetarium. This led to the publication of his first fine-art print, STELLAR RADIANCE (an imaginary planet of a red super-giant star, which became a best seller, No. 6 in the Top Ten Print list — during 1969-70). It has now gone into its fifth edition. The exhibition also created widespread interest and proved that as an art-drawn Hardy's work would be accepted on several issues, because owners bought them as unusual decor, while others went as far as field as a U.S. planetarium museum.

David Hardy has gone on to become accepted as one of the world's leading space artists. The 36 paintings he produced for his major book is done with Patrick Moore, CHALLENGE OF THE STARS (Doubleday — U.K., Rand McNally U.S.A.) — the same title as their early attempt at collaboration, and which Hardy also co-wrote — were fully checked and commented for their accuracy by NASA scientists. His originals are now owned by world authorities such as Dr. Wernher von Braun, Arthur C. Clarke and Dr. Carl Sagan, and their names include the National Air and Space Museum at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington D.C., and the Marshall Space Flight Center, Huntsville, Alabama, as well as many private and public collections around planet Earth. Typical comments on his work are "so remarkable in both its conception and execution" (even Sagan) and "not only technically accurate but contains that element of mystery and wonder which is stimulating to the imagination" — particularly luminous. (Clarke).



Yet, although for anyone who always been accurate, it is perhaps hardly surprising that there is now a demand for Hardy's work in fields far from pure astronomy and space research. For instance, the annual group Howland project of his paintings as part of their incredible "Space Road" light show, and other modern museums who own, use or have expressed interest are the Moody Blues, Pink Floyd, Fair Weather, The Jimi Hendrix, and the late Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones. Interestingly, whereas in his early days he often had no object to his work being described as "Science Fiction" it is now in demand for just that. His covers appear regularly on the U.S. MAGAZINE OF FANTASY OF SCIENCE FICTION and GALAXY WORLDS OF IF and also on British paperbacks and hard-cover SF. He was featured in the April 1974 edition of SCIENCE FICTION MONTH.

To get the "best" of U.S. space hardware at first hand and to watch the launch of Apollo 15, David Hardy visited Cape Kennedy in 1971. "An unforgettable experience." His work is at least as well-known in America as in Britain (and many other countries), being used in slide and Ektavision form in many museums, colleges and planetariums. The many orders received for slide-sets, prints and art are handled separately under the registered trade name "Astro Art". He has made nearly a dozen TV appearances, including the BBC's "Tomorrow's World". His work has written a number of articles for both Art and Science magazines and journals, has produced hundreds of drawings for literature on space geology, light etc., given lectures and now writes as well as illustrating his own books. The first — "The Solar System" (Orion's World 1) appears in January 1974 and will be followed by "Rockets and Satellites". Hardy has also fulfilled an ambition by illustrating a 1 P. paper for Royal Society's "The Planets" issue (October 1973). His largest commission so far in terms of size though was to paint a 24 ft. ultra ultra-thin mural at Adler's Motor, Dorset.

In 1973 he contributed towards two major exhibitions, "Art and Astronomy" at the City of Coventry Art Gallery, Coventry, and "Beyond The Horizon" at the Newland Arts Centre, where he filled the main gallery with 64 paintings. He has a further one-man exhibition at the Birmingham & Midland Institute in August 1974.

A Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, Associate Fellow of the British Inter-planetary Society and member of the British Astronomical Association, David A. Hardy has met the challenge of the stars in his own way and despite the reputation of the camera into his domain well-documented, remains a leading "painter of the stars".

Hardy has a large selection of original works for sale. For details write: Astro Art, 99 Southam Road, Mail Green, Birmingham B28 0AB. Telephone 021-777-1862.





COLLECTORS GALLERY & CHRISTOPHER LEE



Continued from page 18

"This is from the Standard — it's atrocious. If you worked for them..."

He picked up the crumpled paper ball from where she'd flung it, glanced down. Yes, he'd heard about this particular story. The Standard, a rival paper, had been pursuing the dog-terror campaign with irresponsible fervor. Most papers fell into the trap, as one pun or another, an obsession with some newsworthy sensational item.

"Why'd they print such pictures for children to see? The most shrieked."

Ponter rose from the table. "It's shock tactics, love — and sometimes it works — if people treated dogs more carefully, more gently —" he sighed. "I'll sack Michael in, while you do the dishes."

Judy's anger subsided. "All right —" Talbot, his opposite number on the Standard, had covered the story. He'd told Ponter all about it over a couple of stiff drinks, hands shaking at the memory. And Talbot had been a veteran war correspondent in Malaysia and the Middle East. The story had been pieced together by eye-witness accounts.

The Reagan family, mother, father, Grannie and young Arnie, had been motoring along the M6 together with their pet golden retriever, Paddy. Grannie was feeding both Arnie and Paddy pieces of milk chocolate in the back when the dog suddenly went berserk and bit into Arnie's wrist. The father, distracted by the screams, accidentally steered the car into a left-hand lane, barely missing an approaching Renault. Paddy let go as the father decelerated and regained control of the car. Behind the Renault's horn blared. Then, Paddy leapt over the seat, searaged father's ear, the car squealed as he instinctively jammed on the brakes. They veered right, into the fast lane — and collided with a speeding anti-aircraft rocket.

Talbot arrived on the scene at the same time as the flames. They had to cut the only survivor, Grannie, out

She'd need a leg amputated. But what shook in Talbot's mind, what impelled him to order numerous stiff drinks, was the sight of the heads through the shattered windscreen — mother's, father's and the dog's — his teeth still sunk into the father's jaw.

This was the shock-photo featured in the Standard.

And as Ponter looked in his son he thought of Rik, of the times he'd rolled on the carpet, playing, his forelimbs lightly gripped in Rik's formidable jaws. For fleeting seconds, as the dog's hot breath warmed his face, he'd wondered about the animal ferocity behind all that muscle and bone, but only fleetingly. After all, Rik was well-trained, Mac, a police dog-handler, had said as much himself. "No worries there, Brian."

He switched on the lair's bedroom light. Bloody scaremongers! he thought. Sun streamed down onto the shopping precinct's white paving flags. Poms and push-carts jostled amidst the crowds. Bobbie was and the new street-sellers tried slung out a living. The stomach-turning smell of hot dogs wafted up his nostrils, onion-strong.

Ponter felt rather foolish wandering the streets, seeking evidence of insane dogs. There were certainly enough dogs around, if the soiled pavements were anything to go by. But poodles cuddled up against vast quantities of mammy plants and fox-furs, the two guide-dogs leading blind masters he'd seen before turning into the main precinct, a stray mongrel scurrying through the milling crowd, tail wagging, on the scent of a friend or female. But not one of them appeared in the lesser center.

He did not know why exactly he stopped by the back Labrador sitting sociably next to a baby's push-chair, its leech loosely tied to the chair's tubular framework.

The dog, red-circled eyes looked weary. The blonde child in stroller reached out with his chocolate-covered fingers and tugged the animal's nearest ear. The Labrador turned slowly, a pleading look in its eyes. Ponter sympathized, being on guard-duty even for loved ones — wasn't much fun, he mused.

Ponter went suddenly very still, immobile with some unfathomable paralysis. Time seemed suspended. The animal's hackles were up in horrible slow-motion, the dog's ears pricked up and its jaws peeled back from gleaming yellow-white teeth.

The child screamed, inward wailing of the brute, without success. Ponter felt his feet move, heard the drumming of his heart, and moved towards the savage beast, opening his mouth to yell and scare the creature. But his voice had lost itself somewhere

The remarkable sensation faded, only seconds in reality, and he kicked the dog in its ribs, twice. Tail between legs, she bristled whimpers and covered away from his view.

Ears flopping back where they had been, the Labrador looked at his handwork and seemed to comprehend what it had done. Head bowed, the dog fled through the crowds, crying and howling.

Women passersby shrieked, probably they had been doing so before, but Ponter only noticed now. He was shaking from head to toe, cold with fear. Suddenly, he removed his jacket, covered the dead child just as the mother rushed out, her face changing as swiftly as a chameleon's from rouge to white. He hadn't seen such a look of unadulterated apology for many a year. As the police arrived, he wanted desperately to offer some crumb of comfort, but he couldn't stay. Barging through the shop into the back room without apology, he became violently sick.

Old Ronald and his guide-dog had crossed this particular section of the High Street every day, barring Sundays, for over five years. And almost as religiously for those years, Mrs. James from the Sweetie Shoppe had chatted to him as they crossed.

This time was like any other, the elderly couple exchanged a pleasant chat at the kerb. Then the guide-dog rose from his haunches and led his master across the road —

"Ronald!" called Mrs. James, grabbing the old man's arm. "Wait!"

The dog instantly turned on her, bit into her ankle. To the accompaniment of tortured brakes, the No 322 bus veiled to a halt. But, face blood-drained, the driver realised he had been too late. Afterwards, he was relieved before the bus continued its journey, he didn't sleep for many a night, reliving the tragic accident. He just couldn't understand why the guide-dog should have led his master into the bus's path.

nor why they found the dog's teeth deeply imbedded in the old woman's leg.

For Christ's sake, they're supposed to be trained dogs!

"The attacks seem to be on the increase, Jack," Ponter said, purple-ringed eyes bearing sleepless nights. He watched the editor scowling over his latest report. It was uncanny, the way Daidy had a nose for the unusual, the extraordinary, long before anyone else. Yet, he was no sensationalist. The paper had reported on the vicious attacks, some of which Ponter had covered, but apart from issuing a plea to local governments to do something, he

Continued overleaf

refrained from going out stronger. He had no wish to alarm the police on the back with affection. Keep your camera loaded, Dan — that'll be a gnsly one —

Daddy watched them go and rubbed his bloodshot eyes. He sighed, threw the latest edition savagely into the overflowing wicker waste-basket.

The news paragraph, "HOUSING ESTATE TERROR DODS", was on page three. Mostly in pinks, some slyly odd stray dogs had reportedly prowled a Newcastle housing estate, scowling and attacking people. The Post Office had called off the regular delivery men. It's too dangerous, a spokesman had said. There was talk of using firearms.

"Page three!" Daddy snatched "One damned paragraph!" His rival newspapers were already tiring of the terror-dog story. In another week or so — short of the smothering of an infant — the incidents would get any coverage at all. Or, just possibly, two lines alongside ads for prelaboo brassieres and Kung Fu boot print paper.

The dogs' home was a noisy, depressing place. Rather like a string of wash-houses. The four surrounding brick walls had been whitewashed, the concrete yard scrubbed. Dedicated girls in sweaters, jeans and scuffed boots struggled with metal sacks for the arrays later that day.

Inside the surgery, Doctor Wallace, the female Veterinary surgeon, greeted Porter.

"It must shake your girls pretty badly, to put down so many of these wofies and strays," he began as Cheryl potted. Dan stayed outside, taking photos.

Unceremoniously, as Doctor Wallace replied, Porter asked through the wire-mesh window into the courtyard. A girl held about twelve hounds of various shapes and shades on a multiple lead, shepherding them into a square building in the yard's centre.

Whether mere puppies or fully-matured, they all seemed to have that knowing look, that arcane instinct. No, we carry on, Jack. It's not just the handlers taking the dogs so vicious — the backstreet security firms — no, it's a damned sick worse than that!"

The doctor smiled, pressed his dilapidated intension's buzzer. "Cheryl, Dan, come in here!" he turned. "Brian, I want you three exclusively, on this, night and day. I don't care how you about it, but we've results."

"Yes, bitches!"

Fresh-skinned and slim, chestnut hair loose and long, Cheryl rushed in and packed Porter in a busy check. "Jack's already briefed us, Brian. We're ready when you are."

"Good!" Heading for the door, Porter stepped. Dan Porter on the back with affection. Keep your camera loaded, Dan — that'll be a gnsly one —

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THEM FOR MORPETS

During the Christmas season, the tonight theatre presented *Seven Keys to Doomsday*, a new Dr Who adventure starring Trevor Martin as the Doctor and scripted by Terence Dicks (author of the recent *Robot* episodes for the TV series). The play featured in addition to the venerable Owens, a giant killer robot, a contingent of cannibalistic grab-mor, and a few other goodies.

We weren't able to attend, but the general consensus amongst young fantasy connoisseurs was that it was an excellent show on the whole, but could have been a little smoother.

Although *Seven Keys to Doomsday* has ended its West End run it will be touring the provinces through April. Interested readers outside London should drop in SAE to Wendy Taylor. This Cowen Ltd 45 Clarges St, London W1Y 7W for a list of tour dates. We hope to catch the production once has before its final closing.

A heroic footnote to this production is the fact that Trevor Martin, who adopted a Victorian facade, and played his hero saviour for the role of Dr. Who, was accused more than once, while travelling on the tube, by nearly twenty looking for souls to menace, and subjected to some very unpleasant remarks. Things got so bad that the people have their safety threatened because their hero's plain citizen looks like. Unfortunately for Mr. Martin, he wasn't able to communicate the facts.

No comments of lack of credits could be made about the *Unlucky* film, which was produced on the Arts Theatre Club "Hour Of The Werewolf". This grotesque tale was concocted by another Dr. Who veteran, Brian Hynes, whose current project entails working on a Hammer film about the adventures of our old friend the Impaler, Jack some time in '76) and putting the finishing touches on a history of Science Fiction, which we look forward to seeing later this year. The profile Mr. Hynes also expects to resume his Dr. Who duties next year.

Heard Of The Werewolf? concerns the peril of a Professor Purwell who rams thick but sophisticated ideas of his character Dan, about physics, all on a programme to visit a respected colleague, Prof. Maltrax, at his remote home in Vienna. The cover that Maltrax is dead but is welcomed in rather strange fashion by his aged but evil widow and three somewhat peculiar servants not to mention the local aristocracy.

Mrs. Maltrax, it transpires is actually a 10,000 year-old Princess of Osiris (An ill-famed Egyptian deity with a startling resemblance to Axl-His). In conjunction with her location she is also the leader of the Order Of The Great Wolf in an ancient, wild, and very hairy ceremony based in the alpine Galtai countryside. She

It's quite heartwarming to see more and more horror 'sp' in entertainments being offered with the kiddies in mind. They've always been amongst the genres' most devoted supporters, and it's only fair that they should enjoy a few spooky shows created with their tastes given foremost consideration.



is only able to continue her artificially extended existence by offering an annual human sacrifice to Osiris. Hence, the demise of Prof. Maltrax! She plans to employ Dams as her next victim, but fails to take into account the girl's own subtle knowledge and the intervention of the great god Horus, protector of the blind. There is a touch of just deserts in this, as the person who reduces his wicked mistress to the true form, a misbegotten mummy and the Purwell family are left free from danger.

The Arts Theatre is a very elderly building, but despite David Pevsner made the most of the stage's possibilities. The forest setting, although simple, achieved considerable atmospheric effect, and the members of the Maltrax household were fine for a low budget production. Especially striking was the beautiful mummy case which has been seen at Hammer studios and was unveiled in the last act to play a part in the grisly conclusion.

The costumes and lighting effects were also commendable. I know, those are all too often shoddily thrown together on the mistaken assumption that children don't appreciate production values. I know. The cast was splendid, with Maggie

Wideman outshining as the agonised heroine, and Aba Gashed doing some nice subtle things with the arrival of an evil servant who rebels against his master's mistress. Uzzle '67 Jones was extremely noisy as the appalling Mrs. Maltrax.

The warning on the programme, 'Very Frightening! For 8-year-olds. Unusually', seemed to have been taken by a host of persons who appeared to be suffering no ill effects at all, who risked that between acts as screams with ghoulish glee. (The middle aged gentleman in the front row with his ecstatic laughter, did look a bit uneasy though.) Audience comment ran the gamut from 'bloody lovely' to 'augh' and 'augh' to 'augh'.

Unfortunately, after the season is extended this worthwhile production will be closed by the time you read this issue.

WGH. But if the *Unlucky* proves a rather offstage one on this level, a visit to what ever they are offering at present — highly recommended to parents and child. Try ringing the box office Of E 3324 or sending an SAE to Unlucky Th. 1999 Young People Arts Theatre & Great Northern Circus, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Continued on page 46

THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE



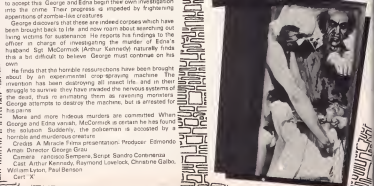
SYNOPSIS Edna meets George in a quiet town, and they become friendly. She invites him to visit her family, but when they arrive, they find that Edna's husband has been brutally murdered and her sister, Kathy, is the chief suspect. Unable to accept this, George and Edna begin their own investigation into the crime. Their progress is impeded by frightening appearances of zombie-like creatures.

George discovers that these are indeed corpses which have been brought back to life and now roam about searching out living victims for sustenance. He reports his findings to the officer in charge of investigating the murder of Edna's husband. Sgt. McCormick (Arthur Kennedy) naturally finds this a bit difficult to believe. George must continue on his own.

He finds that the horrible resurrections have been brought about by an experimental crop-spraying machine. The invention has been dispoverying all insect life, and in their struggle to survive, they have invaded the nervous systems of the dead, thus reanimating them as ravenous monsters. George attempts to destroy the machine, but is arrested for his pains.

More and more hideous murders are committed. When George and Edna vanish, McCormick is certain he has found the solution. Suddenly, the policeman is accused by a horrible and murderous creature.

Credits: A Miracle Films presentation. Producer: Edmonds. Adapted by: George Grau. Camera: Randolph Sempere. Script: Sandro Contarini. Cast: Arthur Kennedy, Raymond Lovelock, Christine Galbo, William Lyton, Paul Benson. Cert: K.



MORGUE



COMMENTS

This unsavory low-budget shocker is definitely a low-it or hate-it film. It is an Italian production shot in this country (as "Time Out" pointed out, the countryside has seldom been used to better advantage, to heighten the mood of unrelieved desolation) and featuring Arthur Kennedy as an oddly casted rural constable. The very Latin appearance of most of the cast, and Kennedy's accent serve to accentuate the bizarre EC-comic quality of the film. Cheap and sleazy as it is, and despite the ludicrous exploration for the return of the corpses to life, the picture achieves its goal of unseating the audience with its gruesome action and depressing outlook. This is probably the most depressing film we've seen since "The Mutations", and we do not recommend it for anyone seeking an evening's light entertainment, but for those with a serious interest in the "horror" film and the way it reflects the attitudes of society, this little effort is definitely worth a look.

LK

negative

Porter began to despair. Doubt crept in. Could the theories be wrong after all?

Then, they got a break on the fifth day.

One of the violent dogs actually went berserk whilst under the electroencephalograph. In some quite undeniably way it seemed to resemble all the others Porter had seen. The snarl, the lack of mucus in the gnashing mouth. The beast was heavily sedated, yet the jaws snapped and the creature barked and growled, writhing until the EEG contacts were almost torn off.

But they had what they wanted. Twisting a violent dog, proved to be so from previous scrutiny, they discovered that this one was similarly affected, though to a lesser degree.

As though some outside stimulus was affecting the brains.

Doctor Wallace indicated the marked differences on the electroencephalogram printouts. These are normal alpha waves. See, they occur with a 10 per second frequency. Now look here. Notice the difference? These are delta waves, with a frequency of 5 seconds usually indicative of cerebral somnolence or epilepsy.

Porter looked up from the analysis. Her steady grey eyes met his. Needless to say, these dogs were one hundred per cent A1 — and are again, right now.

Could it be some form of radiation poisoning? Or high-frequency sound perhaps? Could it be that? The new jets, the Jumbo Concordes?

"I honestly don't know, Brian. But there's enough statistical fact with these here and Dan's photo-file to back up your demand for a more comprehensive investigation by the Government. Of this, I'm certain."

I hope you're right, he said with feeling.

There was no response for Porter and he dog-tired them. With Dan, they strode into the Minister for the Environment's office, unannounced. Though he hadn't been in London since his dismissal, Daddy was still well-known as an eccentric who said what he thought. He was also a man known to speak only when there was something worth saying, a rare breed. The Minister chased away his patient secretaries and offered his own and his party chairs, which they hastily drew up round the impressive ministerial desk.

"Here are the facts, Minister," Daddy began. The last time I spoke to you — when I had but an inkling — you said, obtain scientific proof. Well, here it is. I've barked heavily lowering the file onto the already cluttered desk. You run a similar filing system to me. I see he added in a whimsical aside.

Yes, random — the Minister smiled. "I can't possibly read all this now. What does it say, briefly?"

"It covers — first-hand and otherwise — every reported dog-biting. It highlights the increasing number of stray dogs roaming the cities and towns — each listed in the Annex — which, as you know, will ultimately lead to a health-risk, not to mention the savagery many of these beasts have resorted to already."

"I'm aware of most of these problems. I've issued directives to the local govern —"

"You've done damn-all to correlate all that," Daddy snapped, first-pounding the file. Porter was enjoying this. It was a pleasant change to watch someone else endure a classic Daddy roasting instead of being on the defensive. The Minister was looking quite unsettled. "Read the figures, the dates, the places, the facts, and you'll see something's very peculiar indeed."

The Minister's face dropped in what way?

"I can't describe it —. He fleetingly turned to his reporting team. None of us can. But we heard some something's tampering with the brains of these dogs."

We jotted down a few theories — all pretty hair-raising. All agree. But could the Army for instance be testing a new sonic invention? Or maybe another country's trying out a weapon, experimenting. I know it sounds crazy, Minister. It could be the new jets. It could be a lot of things. We recommend that all loose dogs should be killed on sight — at least till it's discovered what a disturbing them, making them insane killers.

"Rabies — a new form, perhaps?" "Tests have eliminated all organic forms of disturbance," interrupted Doctor Wallace. "When it comes, the interference affects their brains, Minister."

The Minister went very quiet, knuckles on lips in rumination. "I will have to get in touch with the Defence Minister to see if there's any validity to your theories re the Armed Forces. And I'll consult the Aerospace Minister."

"All we ask is that something be done —"

"Yes, I agree," he sighed. But I'm afraid I cannot see the first step according to your recommendations. You know how dog-loving the British people are. They'd never accept killing all loose dogs on sight. Never. Only in times of emergency, in extremis. It's a warlike, heaven forbid — He shrugged. "You see it's so difficult on area."

Judy had been sweeping autumn leaves in the garden when she heard

the commotion. On entering the dining-room she stopped dead. "Oh, no!" It was an absolute shambles, their three-piece suite was ripped open, the standing lamp lay smashed. Michael's toys were strewn all over the place. The wallpaper had been torn away, spilling a bowl of fruit, curtains hung askew, chairs were overturned. And then she heard Rita's low guttural growl and saw his tail whipping back and forth, the rest of him was concealed by the sofa. Already in tears over the damage, she waited. "Rita! Get out! Get out of here! Incensed, she ran over, brandishing her garden-broom."

But Rita ignored her, just continued growling.

Then she saw Michael's blood-spattered shoe, his toothless foot protruding.

Seconds seemed like hours as she forced herself to get closer, the blood gouting in her temples. At the full sight of her son she collapsed in his knees, pummeling the torn sofa in futile anguish.

Sitting in the back of Daddy's car with the others, Porter looked out the rear window as the Environment Minister descended the Ministry's steps towards the Rolls. The chauffeur opened the door.

Dimly glimpsed through the tinted glass, Porter noticed two beautifully marked Dalmatians in the back seat with the Minister, licking his hands. He was smiling. A frisk of light caught the gleam of champagne test, white and well-hoisted.

Porter couldn't move. He stared transfixed, as an unnamable chill walked his spine. *Dorens of the world's most powerful people possess dogs.*

"Now that you've been provided with the Funds required for your project's improvement," *Alderaan-Pyrthon*, boomed the All-Legs, "I trust the results will be forthcoming."

"Certainly, My-Legs," *Alderaan-Pyrthon* bowed backwards as wear his plumed's custom. "Parchance you would endorse a single query, My-Legs?"

"Parchance."

"Why are we colonizing Earth?" "Obviously, physical. Because it is there!" The All-Legs grew stern of countenance. "Now, how long before the beams can function as desired?"

"Oh, I'd estimate about one Earth-year — possibly less. Then we'll be able to control the human minds, make them kill each other without reason."

"And we'll meet no resistance afterwards?"

"None whatsoever, My-Legs."

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ANDY WARHOL'S Flesh For Frankenstein



I SAW this film at the Casino, on Old Compton St. in London in 3D. With fond memories of being awed by 'House of Wax' as a toddler, I attempted to put on my special viewing glasses. (The manufacturers of these gems did not take me to consideration that many people are blessed with big noses, alas, and I had to keep adjusting them.) It takes a few minutes to get used to the effect. At first, it makes you a bit giddy, but it does become rather irritating. Unfortunately it doesn't quite work properly in many instances and the effect is one of double vision. (And believe me, one Monique Van Mooren is more than enough for the average person.) It is only fully successful in one brief scene of the deprived Frankenstein kiddies encountering a small army of bats and here it's really fun.

The cast is composed of the usual Warhol 'Factory' folk and in all fairness some of them have very fascinating photogenic faces (Udo Kier as the Baron and Srdjan Zelenov

the delightfully young man cast as the male Creature, in particular). When they open their mouths, though, forget it. Abominable yelling is another Warhol trademark and it's a worse than ever here. In the course of events we are treated to endless photographic studies of the bum of one Joe Dallesandro (a very handsome, but somehow completely unappealing young man) no longer has spots in this region, an improvement over his previous appearances as a 'supernut'. Paul Morrissey, who previous directed has the 'improvised' quality of the other Warhol products, with the Baroness wearily complaining about 'trash' and 'low lives'. Dallesandro as a rustic servant droning 'I can't figger you out' and 'He's crazy in perfect Bronx tones, and Kier, at times seeming to lose control of the English one suspects he does not entirely understand

The Baron Frankenstein is determined to add a newpage to the history of the creation of man. He will create life from the dead. His own creation of Adam and Eve is supposed to represent the perfect classical beauty of the Serbian race.

In his laboratory at Castle Frankenstein he first examines all the parts of the bodies to get the ideal measurements, before he and his assistant sew them up to form a new body. His hands of a surgeon have already made his Eve into an object of extreme beauty, a fact which brings him into such a state of ecstasy that he assaults her sexually on the operating table. To complete his Adam, Baron Frankenstein needs a head with a perfect Serbian nose.

Because of this great problem and the difficulty of solving it, the Baron has no eye for the happenings around him. He does not know that his children behind their doll, that they play with girls of bodies and watch their mother having intercourse — he appreciates that his wife, who really is his sister, celebrates orgasm of lust with the servant of the castle. Nicholas, his own shows tolerance towards his parents who rapes the woman servant and destroys her life in his sexual ecstasy, a life which has been given to her by the Baron who made her up out of different parts of bodies as a model for his research. Frankenstein finds no reason in getting annoyed about this. He only concentrates on one thing, to get a suitable man's head.



One could go on mocking and dening this film, but as Mr Warhol has often declared his opinion that boring films are artistically the most valid, 'Flesh For Frankenstein' is, by this standard, a triumph. Also, the point I saw was so obviously butchered by censorship, that it makes criticism invalid anyway. This is not the film as the makers intended it to be seen. Every time it looked as though something really horrific and/or perverted was about to be enacted, the screen would 'go blank' for a second, leaving one to imagine far viler scenes of carnage and necrophilia than probably transpired in the original. Curiously enough, 'Flesh For Frankenstein' is preceded by two short films, on the Casino programme, the first 'Our Class' is very old fashioned in its tale of an innocent Northern girl who finds only degradation and death in the big city and is depressing and BORING. The second film is called 'Violence In The Cinema' and is a fairly witty satire of a bemused psychiatrist discussing media bloodshed.

Remarkably, we are shown amazingly convincing and gory sequences (in colour, of course) of a man being shot in the head, a woman having one of her breasts hacked off, a hanged man's carcass being disembowelled, an eyeball being slowly pierced by a spike protruding to 'Chern Androz'. I suppose, and considerably worse, if you can imagine that and a man falling from a great height to be struck by a car and finally burnt up, I see no way 'Flesh For Frankenstein's' nastiness could have been any more graphic, yet the censors have decided adults may view the 'Violence In The Cinema' short without cuts, but must be protected from the more gruesome moments of 'Flesh For Frankenstein'. From the recent decision, it looks as though we must continue to endure him censoring for a while longer, but the incoherently displayed in the case of these two films serves I think to illustrate nicely the illogic of the present policy.

L.K.



VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED: MGM, 1960. Director: Wolf Rilla. Screenplay: Stirling Silliphant, Wolf Rilla, and George Barclay, from John Wyndham's novel "The Midwich Cuckoos."



Synopsis

For several hours, the rural village of Midwich is surrounded by an alien atmosphere that causes all living things within its boundaries to fall into a deep sleep. Just as suddenly, the entire population re-awakes, confused, but evidently unharmed. A few months later it transpires that every woman of childbearing age in the area is pregnant, some of the prospective mothers are thoroughly flustered, and arrested by their almost inaccessible condition. When the children arrive, the six boys and six girls are unusually large, strong specimens with an awesome growth rate, dark, hypnotic eyes, and very fair hair of a type which has never before been recorded. It soon becomes apparent that they share a prodigious intelligence, and an increasing power to control others to their collective will, combined with a complete lack of the usual childish emotions. They behave indifferent to their families, and bind together, displaying total ruthlessness when thwarted or angered. Investigation by the authorities reveals that several groups of similar children were born at the same time in different areas of the world, but only the Midwich children and a group in Russia survived. The quality retaining name is determined to achieve the greatest knowledge and power as rapidly as possible, so they can complete their mission of breeding their own kind until they dominate earthly civilization. They hunt Gordon Zallaby (George Barclay), husband of one of the mothers, to a greater degree than most of the townspeople, and because they need the learning he can impart, reveal some of their powers and plans to him. Zallaby is reluctantly convinced that the children are completely amoral, and must be destroyed, so they begin using their hypnotic gaze even more effectively to eliminate their enemies. He plots to tell them, knowing it will mean his own death, by carrying a case of explosives into the school building where he regularly teaches. And, returning their marital loyalty until the charge detonates. He succeeds, but the strange eyes of the unsightly children are glimpsed flickering amidst the wreckage. They have been physically annihilated, but the alien intelligence that spawned them survives.

COMMENTS:

"Village Of The Damned" is an excellent example of a relatively low-budget fantasy film, with little bloodshed and no spectacular special effects, that manages to produce high audience involvement, and genuine chills. The plot, adapted from Wyndham's original and gripping novel was very ingenious in 1960, and retains its interest, although it has since been the inspiration for several similar tales. Wolf Rilla's direction is nicely paced, except for a few extremely dumpy scenes depicting the bourgeois domestic joys of the Zallabys (George Barclay and Barbara Steele), effectively communicating the appeal as well as the malice of the children. The acting is generally on a high level, the script above average, and the monochromatic photography lends the spooky proceedings a nice documentary air.

The children, headed by Mark Stouffer, are coached into creepy, convincing characterizations.



ROGER DICKEN SPECIAL EFFECTS



ROGER Dicken, a native of Portsmouth, Hampshire, is still in his thirties, and very much in demand as a special-effects technician, with a fine flair for monster-making.

Like most heavy-fantasy devotees, Dicken became fascinated with film in his early youth, admiring the effects in vintage films like *Frankenstein*, and *King Kong*. His early efforts included something called "The Dr. Lugerni Horror Show," a collection of home-made monstrosities, with which he toured the clubs in Portsmouth.

The "Lugerni" period ended as Dicken fell under the spell of Ray Harryhausen's work, and began devoting more time to experiments with film and animation. He was invited to visit Shepperton when Harryhausen was working on "Mysterious Island", and found the experience so inspiring that he resolved to make his career in film.

In 1962, Dicken had his first "pro" assignment, as Property Master at the Royal Court Theatre, then obtained work as a scenic artist for the BBC, finally entering films by doing model work and assisting on special effects for "Thunderbirds Are Go", the feature film of a TV series many will remember watching their youths gawking at! Dicken, of course, worked on the series, and created the nifty fire-

"The Land That Time Forgot" is "pellosaur" thunders a submarine



The page: Roger Dicken and some of his creations for the recent "Land That Time Forgot"

SPECIAL EFFECTS ROGER DICKEN



ROGER DICKEN SPECIAL EFFECTS

breathing Rock Snakes outstanding in the film.

Dicken then spent a fascinating year helping on "3001," building ice cliffs and lunar landscapes, followed by the complicated job of taking charge of special effects for "Blood Beast Terror," creating the moth-woman, and handling the various conflagrations, explosions, and disintegrations involved. "Witchfinder General" posed a difficult problem: the "hanging" of an actress, which Dicken solved convincingly with a special harness.

All the while, Dicken was indulging his interest in animation in his spare time, and, in 1964, worked with Jim Danforth on the Hammer project, "When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth." They were nominated for an Academy Award for their efforts, only to be beaten out by the Disney film, "Bedtime for Dinosaurs." For "Scars Of Dracula" Dicken concocted the Count's ferocious bat mascot, supervised the fires, the impaling of **Below** Jenny Hawley, Vampire Bat, and Roger Dicken on the "Scars Of Dracula" set.

Below Right: Bat and Dicken, again, accompanied by disgruntled guest art whase scene in "When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth" was never filmed.

For right: Dicken working on the "Skullion of Evil," prominently featured in "The Creeping Fear."

Above Left: The Moth-Woman of "Blood Beast Terror" attacking a victim.

Lower Left: Dicken putting finishing touches on the "Blood Beast Terror" creature.

Dracula's victims on hooks and spikes, and Christopher Lee's spectacular immolation scene. Dicken did not do effects for "Creeping Fear," but constructed the massive skeleton of the ancient Evil One.

When, resting from media projects, Dicken tackles such jobs as making the full-sized model of a Stegosaurus, an attraction in its own right, outside the reptile house at Windsor Safari Park.

His most recent film is "The Land That Time Forgot," in which he introduces a new method of bringing his beautifully textured beasts to "life." Instead of conventional animation, 4-foot model creatures are manipulated on the set.

The sequences starring the pterodactyl, however, were done by other special effects artists, using outdoor locations.

Becoming established in the field of special effects requires plenty of dedication, hard work, and artistic talent. Roger Dicken possesses the talent and dedication in abundance, and his personal affection for his creations is quite obvious. Also, it seems, he's always working. Even between official assignments, he can be found in shops and jumble sales collecting all sorts of "rubbish" that might be useable in the construction of his next project.

We're most grateful to Mr. Dicken for his co-operation, and for lending us these fascinating photos from some of the productions he has been associated with.

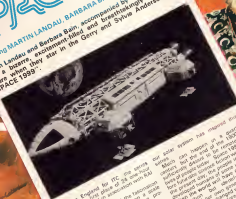
We'd like to hear some reader response from you special effects freaks. In future issues, we hope to cover other aspects of this difficult but rewarding field, and profile some more of its gifted practitioners.





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Formed in England for 100 years, the service has been in the front line of 24-hour care for the past 20 years. The service has a reputation for its high standards of care and its commitment to the community.

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DR. WHO PART 5

PETRIFYING PIN UPS

We hope you enjoy these "Dr. Who" monsters from our continuing crusade to bring you as many creatures from the series as possible.

As this is our last "Dr. Who" photo gallery for a while, we've decided to wrap up with a quick look at the current series. Logically enough, by "WCH" standards, none of the illustrated creatures are from this year's shows, but they should bring back some horrible happy memories. In addition to the familiar Cyberman (vintage '66), we have two alien astronauts from the '70 tale, "Ambassadors Of Death," a herd of hopping mad Exxilons, from "Death To The Daleks" ('73), Link, and those cuddly Ogrons.

We are pleased to report that the latest "Who" series is an immense success, with Tom Baker giving the Dr. a most appealing new personality. So far, we especially liked the "Genesis Of The Daleks" story, a thoroughly grim, pessimistic and nasty opus penned by Terry Nation. (We're sure Mary Whitehouse loved it, too—) Finishing up, Younger "Who" freaks will probably find Tom Baker's regular column in "New Revue" an entertaining, between-TV-episodes, and, for the geographically minded, here's a list of some of the far-flung countries currently enthralled by the Dr.'s adventures: Saudi Arabia, Dubai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Australia, Gibraltar, Zambia, and the U.S.A.

That's all for now. Although this is the last in the present "Many Monsters Of Dr. Who" series, we do plan to continue reporting on this excellent programme in future issues.



Above left: Two Alien Astronauts. Above: Link. Left: Dr. Who and the Ogrons. Below: The Exxilons.



